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# *The Pathfinder*

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APRIL, 1907

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Little Posies From Japan

By EVALEEN STEIN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY  
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*Address*

THE SEWANEE REVIEW

*Sewanee, Tennessee*



# The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in little devoted  
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT

CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

EDWIN WILEY

} *Associate Editors*

IT is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

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# PUBLISHERS' PAGE

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GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

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Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editors disclaim responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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*Beautifully printed and with an excellent introduction. . . . A charming book.*—DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, Princeton University.

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## MILTON'S ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

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THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE begs leave to announce that it has a limited number of the Regular Edition of Milton's ode *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*.

This edition contains the Introduction, written with insight and appreciation by Dr. Glen Levin Swiggett, the head of the Department of Modern Languages at The University of the South.

The book is a cap octavo, the page being four and one-quarter by seven inches, printed with black ink from Caslon type, the title-page and colophon being rubricated.

The architectonic border of the title-page and the several initial letters in outline were drawn specially for this book.

A special edition of ten copies was printed on Japan paper, bound in full morocco boards, lettered in gold and lined with silk. These copies were illuminated by the Sister Superior of the Order of S. Mary in the State of Tennessee. The price of these were \$10 each, and they were all subscribed for before the book was published.

The Regular Edition consisted of 250 copies, printed on Strathmore deckle-edged paper, bound in boards covered with blue-gray French hand-made paper, with white backs, the title being printed with gold-leaf. Of the 225 copies which were for sale at \$2 each, a small number is yet available. The book will make a choice gift for birthdays, weddings, anniversaries, and at Easter and Christmas time. All who are in any way interested in fine book-making should possess themselves of this little volume.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF  
SEWANEE TENNESSEE



# *The Pathfinder*

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Vol. I]

APRIL, 1907

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[No. 10

WHAN that Aprille with his shoures soote  
The drogte of March hath perced to the roote,  
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,  
Of which vertu engendred is the flour ;  
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth  
Enspired hath in every holt and heeth  
The tendre croppes ; and the yonge sonne  
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,  
And smale foweles maken melodye  
That slepen al the nyght with open eye,—  
So priketh hem nature in hir corages :—  
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,  
And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes,  
To ferne halwes konthe in sondry londes ; . . .

—*Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.*

*LITTLE POSIES FROM JAPAN\***By* EVALEEN STEIN

The poetry of the Japanese, as might perhaps be expected of this singularly interesting people, has developed in a manner peculiar to itself and quite unlike that of any other nation. Indeed among the many great and splendid flowers of the world's garden of song, the poetry of Japan may be compared to a cluster of her own chrysanthemum blossoms, of the tiniest pompon variety; each little flower perfect in itself, yet none conspicuously outshining another for loveliness. For though from immemorial time a nation of poets and poetry lovers, Japan has never produced an epic nor any singer of surpassing genius; but her poetic literature is made up almost entirely of tiny fragmentary poems, of great sweetness and beauty, and for the most part the expression of a vast host of unknown poets.

The golden age of this literature was comprised between the eighth and tenth centuries, A.D.; and twice during this period, by order of

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\* Translated from the old Japanese anthologies by Mr. W. G. Aston and others, and rendered into English verse, with an Introduction, by Evalcen Stein.



the Emperor, collections were made of the best work of the poets. These two anthologies, the *Manyoshū* or collection of *One Thousand Leaves*, compiled in the ninth, and the *Kokinshū*, in the tenth centuries, are to-day the classics of Japan, and a knowledge of them is considered a necessary part of the native education.

Yet, though these anthologies contain thousands of poems, it must not be supposed that this fact represents so great a body of poetic literature as it would naturally suggest to the occidental mind. For, with few exceptions, Japanese poetry presents two marked characteristics: an extraordinary brevity of form, and a peculiarly limited range of subject. The great majority of the poems are tiny bits compressed within the limits of a single stanza; a strange conventional form of verse called the *tanka*; and which consists of but five short lines, or thirty-one syllables. Why this singular stanza so early crystallized into shape and attained to such universal popularity is difficult for the western reader to comprehend. Perhaps one reason, however, was because of the unfriendly reception which the Japanese language has ever accorded the poetic muse; as it is deficient in rhyme, accent and quantity. Though the *tanka*

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with its arbitrary arrangement of syllables has a certain rythmical effect, yet it was doubtless because of the difficulties of the language as a means of free poetic expression that this unusually condensed and conventional form of poem first sprang into existence. Perhaps, too, other reasons for the universal development of the tiny poem may be found in the innate fondness of the Japanese race for little things; and also in another fact which should be borne in mind when considering their work; namely, that the aim of the Japanese poet is quite different from that of his brother singer of the West. The eastern poet does not wish to present a finished picture, nor to strike the whole gamut of the emotions. He prefers rather to use the few lines of his conventionally limited stanza merely to suggest a little picture or a thought or emotion, leaving the reader to elaborate the theme according to the dictates of his own feeling or imagination. Indeed, Mr. Hearn tells us that the Japanese hold in contempt anything that is "*ittakiri*,"—"all gone,"—in the sense of being all told; and it is most interesting, in reading their poetry, to observe what adepts their poets are in compressing a wealth of subtle suggestion within the limits of a few brief lines; in the same

manner that their artists by a few strokes of the brush are able to suggest infinite varieties of life and landscape.

And, just as the form of their poems is little, so it is not the great things of which they sing. Their poetry is seldom passionate; in it the more strenuous emotions do not find expression; while war and bloodshed, the vital principle of so many of the great poems of other nations, have never been considered fitting subjects for the Japanese Muse; a fact which is certainly curious, considering the warlike spirit and glorious deeds of the race. Whether with the rapid assimilation of western ideas, this point of view will change in the future, remains to be seen. But at least in the old days of the golden age, from which is drawn the following little collection of poems, war and the stronger passions were subjects to be avoided. It was rather the little things; the dainty, delicate, evanescent beauties of nature and of life, which appealed to the poets of Japan, and in the portrayal of which they excelled. The floating cloud, the feathery bamboo, the glory of plum-blossoms, the vanishing mist, the moonlight, the dew-drops, the falling of snow-flakes, the haunting sweetness of the cuckoo's song, the tender long-



ings of love, the vain sorrow of death, vague, shadowy memories of joy and of pain, these are the themes to which the eastern singers of the long ago brought an exquisite delicacy of fancy and felicity of expression. Especially charming is the naïve quality, the childlike freshness of their delight in nature; and their little poems of the springtime, for sheer delicacy and beauty are perhaps unsurpassed in any literature. The plum-bloom and cherry-blossom, the tender notes of the nightingale and the cuckoo, nowhere, in all the world, have they received more ardent and poetic appreciation than in the Sunrise Isle. Indeed so innumerable are the stanzas through which float the mellow strains of the cuckoo, that the western reader soon discovers that this little April songster enjoys the special favor of the Japanese poets. So then, as to all their fellow-countrymen, his plaintively sweet song seems to express the longings of unsatisfied love; and so, while happy lovers may listen to him with compassion and delight, to less fortunate ones his notes but intensify the pain of their own suffering and disquietude.

With the exception of one or two which date from about the fifteenth century, the poems which follow are drawn entirely from the two old

anthologies, the *Manyōshū* and *Kokinshū*. Yet though these little flowers of song first blossomed more than a thousand years ago, they are to-day as fresh and fragrant as the love and springtime itself of which so many of them breathe. While the vain desire of life, the sorrow of death, which is the plaintive burden of others of these eastern posies, is it no less the cry of our hearts to-day than of those forgotten singers of the long ago? The delight in the first burst of April blossoming trees, the maiden who longs to share with her beloved her joy in the new-budding willow boughs, the lover who mourns for his heart's-dearest till his sleeve is wet with tears, are not these the same east and west, north and south, the same a thousand years ago and a thousand years to come? And it is because these simple little song flowers from the far East bear in their hearts a touch of the eternal, that they have lived fresh and unfaded through the centuries, just as the dainty utterances of Robert Herrick, that sweet western singer of a later day, have survived where many a more pretentious song has perished utterly.

Though they seem too tiny to be christened with titles, each of the following stanzas is a complete poem. They are probably the work

of many different authors, though the similarity of thought and expression makes it hard to believe they are not the voice of a single singer. Indeed, in a broader sense, they *are* the utterance of one poet; they are the voice of Japan, in her golden age, singing her little melodies with their few notes, yet awakening in the heart of the sympathetic reader many an answering strain.

My days pass in longing!  
Like hoar-frost on water flowers,  
So my heart melts when cuckoos come thronging  
The plum-blossom bowers!

The April's here! the Spring is here!  
The air is full of light; and though  
The hills are still bedeckt with snow  
And still unthawed the frozen mere,  
Already softer breezes blow  
Around the nightingale, that still  
Hidden in thickets waits until  
The sweet spring sky shall milder grow.  
—But ah, some moonlit night, ere long,  
His frozen tears will melt in song!

When will the willow boughs burst into leaf?  
When will the cherry-buds flame into flowers?  
Of all expectant thoughts, these are the chief,  
Filling men's minds through these sweet springtime  
hours.



—  
The dawn is here; I cannot rest  
For thoughts of her, my heart's desire!  
Upon the mountain's snowy crest  
The morning breaks in waves of fire;  
From out the dewy heaven's blue  
A golden cuckoo now is winging,  
He sings and sings "Cuckoo!" "Cuckoo!"  
—O, heart of me! What shall I do?  
O cuckoo, cease thy singing!

—  
O cuckoo, thee to please,  
Whole groves of orange trees  
I'll plant! so thou mayst dwell  
By green leaves sheltered well,  
And flowery canopies,  
Ev'n till the winter gray  
Shall bid thee wing away.

—  
Thou willow, that I see each morn  
O hasten, hasten to adorn  
Thy branches so they shall avail  
The shadow-loving nightingale!  
So may he rest and sing thereon  
From eventide until the dawn.

—  
Sweet these cherry-blossoms, Love,  
That thou bringest;—yet, Ah me,  
He who sowed the seed thereof  
Lies entombed beneath the tree!  
This our life, how swift it goes!  
As the stream sinks in the deep!  
With to-morrow's sun—who knows?—  
I may sleep the endless sleep!

—  
To-day at dawn there sang a bird ;  
It was the cuckoo's note I heard ;  
—Ah, Love, didst thou, too, hear its cry,  
And hearkening unto it, thereby  
Didst thou not feel thy heart-strings stirred ?  
Or wast thou sleeping, deaf to all  
The yearning of the cuckoo's call ?  
—

While the first burgeoning  
With pale green overspreads,  
And ere the wind of spring  
Has tangled the fine threads  
Of the young willow bough,  
Or bruised the down thereof,  
Now would I show it, now,  
Unto my Love !  
—

So long as in full measure  
I taste's life's keenest pleasure  
While dwelling here on earth,  
What matters it to me  
Whate'er the Gods decree  
My form of life shall be  
When next I pass to birth ?  
—

The cherry-blossom hours  
Are not yet overpast ;  
Yet should these heavenly flowers  
Not linger to outlast  
The love of those who gaze  
Enraptured whilst they praise  
Such loveliness to-day.  
— *O blossoms, haste away !*

---

I've a thousand times been told,  
Lotus lily, that thou art,  
With thy beauty white and gold,  
Sign of innocence of heart;  
Then why is it, lily sweet,  
That thou hidest such deceit?  
For upon thy petals white  
Shines the dew so jewel bright,  
Every drop I thought a gem  
Till I sought to gather them!

---

Rich is this land Yamato, Dear,  
Many the people dwelling here;  
Yet all my heart for sight of thee  
Hungers and thirsts unceasingly!  
In longing dreams thee I caress,  
Ev'n as on Fuji's wilderness  
The blue flowers tremble in the wind  
Each with the other close entwined.  
Rich is this land Yamato, Dear,  
Many the people dwelling here;  
Yet wakeful through the lonely night,  
Still must I sorrow for thy sight?

---

If that small hand of thine  
Were only clasped in mine,  
What matter though mens' words  
Were many as the trees,  
Or the green leaves of these,  
Or all the forest birds?  
Or as the blades of grass  
In summer meads where pass  
The soft-eyed tinkling herds?



---

When I am gone away  
Forever, well-a-day!  
    Forgotten though I be,  
Though masterless my home  
Thereafter shall become,  
    And desolate to see,  
—O plum tree underneath the eaves,  
Forget not thou thine April leaves!  
    Still with thy honied blossoming  
Remember thou the spring!

---

Sweet, since I came and found thee not  
I wander lonely round this spot,  
    Still vainly searching whilst I grieve;  
    Till ah, far wetter is my sleeve  
Than if I passed, some autumn morn,  
Among the tangled blades of corn,  
    Or through the dewy bamboo grass;  
Wetter my sleeve with tears, alas!

---

Tell me where the seed awakes,  
Springs to leaf, and buds and breaks,  
    From the flower Forgetfulness?  
    —Ah, where should it be unless  
It awakens in the heart  
Where Love has not any part?

---

It is not drenched with dew  
From idly wending through  
    The tangled summer herbage of the plain;  
Not drenched with dew, but yet  
My sleeve is ever wet;  
    Still fall my tears in never ceasing rain.

---

Cuckoo, no more for thee  
I'll plant the orange tree!  
Nay, for no sweet surcease  
Of pain, nor any peace  
The April brings to me;  
Thou comest, and thereby  
With thy resounding cry  
My yearning dost increase.

---

My weight of yearning love  
And all the pain thereof  
I have endured till night,  
Nor let my heart betray  
Its grief in any way;  
But, oh, the morning light!  
To-morrow's long, spring day  
With rising mists, alas,  
How shall I ever pass?

---

O cuckoo-bird, of all  
The ancient capital,  
Of Vara's age of gold,  
Only thy voice remains!  
Among the ruined fanes  
Only thy mellow strains  
Recall the days of old!

---

Moon? Nay, there is none!  
Spring? It is *not* the spring!  
Flowers? There is not one  
That May was wont to bring!  
Only my love abides.  
Altered is all besides.

---

In meadow pools and by the streams  
The white and purple iris gleams,  
And sweetly from green orange-bowers  
Floats forth the breath of new-blown flowers;  
While with his golden mellow strain,  
Through the soft falling evening rain,  
I hear the cuckoo, evermore  
Telling his own name o'er and o'er.

---

That only which we seem  
In realms of sleep to see,  
Is that alone a dream?  
This whole vain world below,  
How can I truly know  
It is reality?

---

Oh, for a heart like hearts of gold  
The purple morning-glories fold!  
The fragile morning-glory flower  
That blossoms but a single hour,  
No vain desire its being stirs,  
Its heart is peaceful as the fir's;  
The fir, that fadeless green appears,  
And dies not in a thousand years.

---

Its people? Well-a-day,  
I have been long away!  
Their hearts I cannot know.  
But in my native place,  
In all their ancient grace,  
Still sweet the gardens grow;  
The flowers' hearts of gold  
Are fragrant as of old.



---

“*THE SUMMER CLOUD*”

An Unique Book By YONE NOGUCHI, of Tokyo, Japan.

By EDITH M. THOMAS

In those days—not so long since, when America “went all lengths” in her admiration of the war-like prowess of a “snug little island” called Nippon, there was still living among us a young native of that remote empire,—a youth, who, if human hopes and ideals universal count for aught, was better entitled to our encomiums than was the entire pageant of Japanese militarism. For, unregarded, perhaps, as his own *Summer Cloud*, the young Japanese poet was even then singing the millennial Song of the Future, in such strains as the following:

“O World of Peace! Peace! Peace! Only Peace!  
Peace is higher than Life; Peace higher than  
Death: Peace awakens me from the dream of  
Life: Peace makes me outsoar from the shadow  
of Death.”

But there are other and more distinctive strains in this little volume,—rhymeless songs, ærial, tender, magical in their suggestion. The lyric Impressionism, the glamour, and the symbolism so often striven for, in these days,—striven

for both by Anglo-Saxon and Latin poets, are the very life-element of Yone Noguchi. While his eyes are as wide open as any other's to the beauties of the natural world,—as when he notes “the secret-chattering grass-tops in the *sabre light*,” he has, also, the vision that penetrates the phenomenal world, and sees beyond it. Like our New England Thoreau, he is still a seeker of his own, as when he announces, “Long, long ago, I lost a song, which I learned in an Eden. I have felt its beauty and truth ever since, but I cannot make out what it was.” One might almost say, that all Yone Noguchi's song-ventures are in the direction of trying to “make out” a long-lost beauty or truth,—the primal property of mankind. To use his own words, his prevailing mood would seem to be, “Bliss lightly touched with tears!” The loveliness of the World is, to him, as an exquisite burden. This far-away brother in the Orient, like the youthful Keats, has an overture all his own, to make to “easeful Death,” as witness, in many a melodious sigh,—“If I could pass away like the wind!” “Or, I and Nature are one in sweet weariness; my soul slowly fades into Sleep. Is this Earth or Heaven?”

Our young Oriental never, apparently, loses

his sense of the Intangible Realities. "How afraid I am, to stir up the air of silence!" he observes, while musing in the "grey forests;" and, again, he declares, in a beautiful phase of poetic reverie, "The universe, too, has somewhere its shadow!"

The Muses were reckoned to be the daughters of the God of Light and of the brooding Mnemosyne. May we not say, that the poet is the child of the Bright and the Dark,—his true home and element at the meeting of the two, that is to say, the Twilight, so tenderly, so mysteriously, celebrated in the following vespertine chant of Yone Noguchi? We give, entire, his poem of *The Twilight*, perhaps the most exquisite of all the exquisite things in this daintily decorated volume, flower-floated from the distant land of the cherry-blossom and the wistaria:—

"I followed after the Twilight, wanting to know where it would go. And it disappeared into the heart of the Light. And again, I followed after the Twilight, wanting to know where it would go. And it disappeared into the bosom of Darkness. . . . It was the same Twilight. O Twilight, tell me whether Light and Darkness are the same! . . . Yesterday, I cried from Joy, and to-day, from Sorrow. O tears, are ye the same,—ye of Joy, and ye of Sorrow?"

---

*TWO DREAMS**By* HARRISON MOORE

A wild rose decked my lady's hair  
And moonbeams came and rested there;  
A wild heart called her very fair—  
In the eventime.

And now, two lips of ashen gray  
Kiss the place where the wild rose lay,  
Two eyes gaze wistfully far away,  
In the eventime.

*TO HIM THAT HATH**By* WARWICK JAMES PRICE

What meant the Master? So the years have asked.  
Shall he that lab'reth have an added task?  
Shall dollar cleave to dollar? Need to need?  
Shall such be Godhead's justice?

Rather read  
That he whose wealth is love, not empty self,  
Receiveth more love ever to himself.



*LOVE, HELP THY LIEGEMAN!*

For a Beatrice Nuova, With Lingering Memory of DANTE's Ballad

By CHARLOTTE PORTER

Lord Love! Go thou, for me with her to dwell  
And foster that in her to reap not seek—  
Her sweet compassion, swift as thou to know,  
What else 'twere best to hide from chilling glance:—  
How strange as life love is in me, beyond  
All strength of man to vanquish, ere again  
It rise unvanquished; like that angel might  
The thews of Israel grew ever strong \*  
From wrestling with, yet never threw, and still  
Drew blessing from, the awful kiss of God  
Branding the foeman who such grappling dared.

Yet foster not in her, Lord Love!—if this  
She learn through thee, aught that may vex her peace,  
Or trouble her pure eyes, with pain for me;  
But tutor her how woe from thy deep soul  
Is richer than the shallow happiness  
Thy careless shorter-lasting moods lets fall  
Thy flying fingers; in whose grasp and wrench  
My heart rests marked, aye shapen to her will  
In pride, though scored with flames of thine through her,  
The brand of angel-struggle in my soul.

And Love, Lord Love! if thou so far in her  
Compassion stir; ah! if thy whitest beam  
Uncloak like woe in her, like strife of bliss  
To chord with mine;—lead her to freely spend  
Her face—eyes—rapt, on mine; thereafter what  
Twain ways of life but we should conqu'ring march,  
Nor fail to meet forever, parting thus!

## About Our Contributors

---

*Harrison Moore*, poet and concert-singer, resides in Washington, D. C.

*Warwick James Price*: vide THE PATHFINDER, Vol. I, No. 9.

*Evaleen Stein* lives in Lafayette, Indiana. She contributes frequently to the leading magazines. Among her published volumes of prose and verse are *Troubadour Tales* and *One Way to the Woods*.

*Edith M. Thomas*, poet and critic, lives in West New Brighton, S. I., N. Y. She has published several volumes of verse.

*Charlotte Porter*, editor and author, was educated at Wells College. With Helen A. Clarke she founded and still edits *Poet-Lore*. She is well known for her editions of Shakespeare and Browning. Her home is in Cambridge, Mass.

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## South Atlantic Quarterly

DURHAM, N. C.

EDWIN MIMS  
WILLIAM H. GLASSON } *Editors*

Established in 1902. A high-class Literary Magazine. Subscription, \$2.00 a year

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SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY

DURHAM, N. C.

## Recent Publications

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WALTER MALONE.—*Songs of East and West*. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co. 1906.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.—*Sonnets and Poems*. A dignity of thought and artistic self-restraint characterize this little volume of verse. Privately printed by the author. Address: Madison, Wis. 1906.

ROBERT HICHENS.—*The Call of the Blood*. The author of *The Garden of Allah* displays in this novel the same warmth and color, love of nature, insight into the passions of men and skill in story-telling. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1906.

CARL HOLLIDAY.—*A History of Southern Literature*. For a "pioneer" book it shows unusual discrimination and scholarship. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company. 1906.

MRS. ST. JULIEN RAVENEL.—*Charleston: The Place and the People*. History that is not a history, romance that is not a romance, this volume reveals the seriousness of the one and the delightful charm of the other as its pages tell the story of this Southern city and the men who made it. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1906.

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